CAPT, CHASE, WHO FOLLOWED THE MACKEREL TO AFRICA.

Me Pound Monns of Fortune, but Also Many Troubles with Officials Along the Coast— Recent Destruction of His Little Schooner and Mis Own Death at Monrovia. Boston, May 28.-In a lonely grave in the

Strangers' Cemetery at Monrovia, the capital on the west coast of Africa, lie the remains of the Provincetown skipper who first discovered the possibilities of trade along the coast which has been known for two hundred years as the white man's grave. Capt. Josiah A. Chase of the schooner Alice of Provincetown was the man, and both he and his schooner are now numbered with the past. On the night of April 3 of the present year, the Alice was utterly destroyed by fire while lying in the harbor of Monrovia, and eleven days later, on April 14, Capt, Chase died of the fatal coast

fever in a negro's but. The career of this skipper of Provincetown is typical of the hardy race from which he sprang and the quaint old fishing town which gave him birth. Descended from four generations of fishermen, he went to sea with his rather at 9 years of age. At 18 he was the master of a vensel of his own, and for thirty years (he was only 48 when he died) he explored every mile of the North Atlantic, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Labrador coasts hunting for mackerel, berring, and cod. But it was in the trade which he first of all American fishermen, discovered and partly developed that he gained his fame. From his earliest boy hood the fever-infected coast of the Dark Continent had attracted him with its possibilfties in the fishing line, and the reports of the abundance of mackerel there combined with their exceeding scarcity on the American coast, led him to take his little schooner (she was only 89 tons burden), with a crew of fifteen men, from Provincetown on Oct. 8, 1889, to Table Bay, at the southern extremity of the African continent. The particulars of that voyage were told to the writer by Capt. Chase himself in the spring of 1891, a year and a half later, at the French port of Gorce, Senegal.

The run out from Provincetown was made in just fifty-two days, a record for a sailing vessel between those ports. The little schooner had fine weather almost all the way, taking the mortheast trades high up in the 30's and carrying them well across the line into the South Atlantic Ocean, where she picked up the southeast trades with equal facility. Then she ran down into Table Bay and her expected fishing grounds. The Captain, mates and every man of her crew were in first-class health and spirits and looked forward hopefully to a big catch and a speedy return home to Provincetown. It was almost two years later, however, before the crew of the Alice again sighted Highland Light,

the well-known beacon off Provincetown.

The first six months of the mackerel fishing proved a revelation to Capt. Chase and the men of the Alice. Coming from the American coast, where for many years mackerel had been growing searcer and scarcer, most of the younger men of the crew had never seen anything approaching the immense schools of the fish now and almost daily off the South African coast. The field was almost a virgin one. To be sure, the native fishermen had been on the ground from time immemorial, but all their work had been done with a book and line, The use of the great purse seine was a revelation to them. They marvelled to the Yankee fishermen put off from their schooner in their long seine boat, close in around a whole school of the striped beauties with their enormous net, and almost sink the Alice to her gunwales when the glittering flood of mackerel was hauled in over the side. In a little less than six months Capt, Chase had earned \$10,000 net, after paying the freight from Cape Town to Liverpool and from Liverpool to America. Although the fish were not quite the same variety as those taken off the American coast, nearly all of them were sold as firsts.

The coming of the Alice produced almost revolution in the fresh fish market of the Cape Colony. Prices came down with a rush, and the natives saw their monopoly rapidly passing into the hands of the Americans. So, in the July of 1890, they sought Government rellef against the invaders. A statute was engineered through 1890, they sought Government relief against the invaders. A statute was engineered through the Legislature forbidding the use of the purse seine. With the passage of this act the haleyon days of Capt. Chase and the Alice at Cape Town were over.

were over.

For almost six months longer Capt. Chase lingered at Table Bay with the Alice, most of his time being employed in visiting influential men of the colony and endeavoring to secure their aid toward securing the repeal of the obnoxious statute. And it was during this period that his troubles began with a United States Consul. According to the story told by Capt. Chase, his first transaction was tolend him considerable sums of money. The first loans were repaid at the expiration of the times agreed upon. It was the last loan made by the fisherman, stated by himself to have been \$500, that caused all the trouble. The thirty-day note of the Consul, was allowed to go to protest, and, when Capt. by nimeer to have been \$500, that caused all the trouble. The thirty-day note of the Consul, was allowed to go to protest, and, when Capt. Chase called at the consulate for an explanation, he was informed that the Consul had gone up into the Transvaal. After several efforts to obtain the repayment of the loan, and, becoming disgusted with his non-success in obtaining the repeal of the pures seine statute, Capt. Chase determined to sail for home. Before doing this he brought suit against the Consul in the local courts and recovered judgment against him for the amount of the note. For forty-eight hours, with the aid of two constables and a deputy, Capt. Chase kept the Consul shut up in the United States Consulate. The Captain could find nothing belonging to the Consul to attach for the debt. In his own words the only articles he could find to which his country's representative appeared to have a clear title were "a cane chair and a yellow dog." Capt. Chase decided to let the money go and sail for home. But here a fresh complication arose to worry him.

chair and a jellow dog." Capt. Chase decided to let the money go and sail for home. But here a fresh complication arose to worry him.

Upon applying for his ship's papers he received a bill for personal service—on the part of the Consul—"in endeavoring to secure the repoal of the purse net statute." This demand on the part of the Consul—win the statute by indignant protests from Capt. Chase, who offered the Consul was met by indignant protests from Capt. Chase, who offered the Consul was met by indignant protests from Capt. Chase, who offered the Consul was met by indignant protests from Capt. Chase, who offered the Consul was met by indignant protests for the cables hot with indignant protests to the State Department at Washington regarding the action of the local Consul, but to no purpose. He was advised by the department to remain at Cape Town until they could reach the matter, but no time was stated as to when this would occur. Meanwhile, his expenses were mounting up daily and no income was coming in.

On Jan. 1, 1891, Capt. Chase made a final demand upon the Consul for his papers, but again they were refused him, and so, Jan. 3, the Alice sailed from Cape Town without her papers, making her liable to soizure by a war vessel of any nation. The months of January, February, March, and April passed, with the Yankee schooner slowly feeling her way up the African costs on the lookout for mackerel and a Government easier to do business with than that of Cape Colony. It was on the afternoon of Easter Bunday of 1891 that the Alice came sailing up the Senegalese coast into laker Bay, the port of Senegal opposite the island of Gorse. She was the first Yankee fisherman that the crecks of Senegal had everseen, and much they marvelled that her crew should have dared to cross the ocean after fish in such a tiny craft. But they did not have much time to examine her, owing to a peculiar circumstance through which Uapt. Chase, the unfortunate, again became acquainted with trouble.

At that time of the year—approaching the rainy season—there was a quarantine of twenty-four days placed by the French colonial officers upon all vessels arriving from the south and senthwest coasts. So, when the Alice came gayly sailing into Dakar Hay, the French officer of the port naturally expected that her Captain would know enough to anchor his vessel over in the section of the harbor allotted to the vessels in quarantine. He did not know that the little schooner had come up the African coast all the way from the Cape of Good Hope, with seither papers nor any knowledge of Senegaless quarantine regulations. Capt Chase anchored the Alice near the breakwater, where the French steamers of the Messageries Maritimes Company from Bordesux are supposed to hold a first mortgage. The French officials wondered at the stupidity of the foreigners—but the day was Sunday, a holy day, as well as a holiday, and it was really too hot to take the trouble to board the schooner. To-morrow would do just as well. The next morning at 4 o'clock, serenely unconscious of the fact that he was transgressing the laws of the strictest nation in Europe, Chase and his mate, together with a passenger, now Dr. A. C. Smith of Maiden, Mass., went ashore in the seine boat and amused themselves in At that time of the year-approaching the and his mate, logether with a passenger, now Dr. A. C. Smith of Maiden, Mass., went ashore in the seine boat and amused themselves in locking over the town. In the meantime, about 6 o'clock, the Captain of the Port and the medical officer came on board the Alice and asked for the Captain. The watch on deck was not exactly strong on French, but he at length succeeded is making the Frenchmen understand that the Captain had gone ashore. The Frenchmen threw themselves over the side and yelled at their men to row them ashore as fast as they knew how. They met Chase and his party coming off and ordered them aboard the schooner in strict confinement. They likewise intimated that the lightest pensity would be a fine of \$500.

The schooner was ordered removed further up the bay. The next day they ordered her position left her directly under the guns of a French gunbeat. In the meantime, Capt. Chase was becoming very tired of \$11 this meving about with no apparent mater. Furthermore, he had

not the remotest intantion of paying that \$500 fine. So, on the next night, which happened to be specially dark and rainy, the intrepid Yankee skipper warped his vessel out from under the gun of the gunboat into the open bay, thence gayly out to the open sea and over to the Cape Verde Islands, where he got a clean bill of health, there being no quarantine there, and had the nerve to again make his appearance in Dakar Bay, off the island of Goree, only just about a week after he had left in baste. But this time he took good care to keep his schooner three miles out, just outside the international limit, so that the French officials could not touch him.

To Capt, Strickland, the United States Consul at Goree, Capt. Chase was finally forced to confess his predicament, and to explain how he had sailed from Cape Town without papers and his reasons therefor. Again was his case made the subject of cable messages to the State Department, but this time Capt. Chase did not care so much. For three weeks the Alice cruised about the waters of Senegal, taking good care to keep outside the limit whenever the French gunboat happened around.

About the middle of May Capt, Chase wearied of waiting for the mackerel to make their appearance in the bay, and concluded to sail for Provincetown. He had then been absent from bome ever a year and a half, and the profits of the first six months had been entirely swallowed up by the expenses of the past year. Accordingly the Alice sailed from Goree late in the month of May, arriving home at Provincetown in the latter part of June. The last ten days of her passage were passed by her crew and passenger almost wholly without water, owing to some of her water butts having been unshipped in a heavy sea which boarded the schooner immediately after her arrival at home.

The vessel was libelled by the United States Government upon her arrival, and capt. Chase was heavily fined for having seamen aboard whose names did not appear on the register from the simple fact that the time they were signed t

and, for all that is known, the matter may be still pending.

The second voyage of the Alice and her Captain to the African coast was begun in November, 1897. Her quest was fairly successful, and her Captain was on the point of sailing for home when the schooner caught fire from the explosion of her binnacle light while she was lying at anchor at Monrovia, Liberia, on the night of April 3. She was totally destroyed, Frem the excitement and exposure of that night dated the fatal illness of Capt. Chase. He quickly sank in spite of all that his brother-in-law and the mate could do for him, and died April 14. He was buried the next day in the local cemetery, As there are no such things as undertakers known in Monrovia, the village carpenter knocked together a rough pine box, in which the remains were placed.

Thus ends the story of the Alice and her Captain, the pioneers of the foreign fishing trade of the United States on the African coast.

STRATEGY BOARDS AT HOME. How the Civil Way Was Fought with Ches

and Checkers in a Western Town. "We had two strategy boards in our town when Grant and Sherman were in the South and McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, and Meade on one side and Lee on the other, were in Virginia We did not call them strategy boards, but I know now that is what they were. One board played chess, the other one played checkers The chess board was composed of the lawyers and doctors, who had their offices huddled in one part of the town. The checker board was composed of the Justice of the Peace, a preacher he superintendent of the Sunday school and some of the clerks in the stores. There were no bulletins then. There was no afternoon newspaper. When there was a big fight the morning newspaper got out an 'extra' on a slip of paper the width of the paper's column, and long according to the news, not to exceed one column. The 'extra' sold for 5 cents; if the purchaser did not have the exact price he could not get the extra. Change was that scarce. "After the issue of the extra the people in

what had been the business centre doubted the news or accepted it according to their wishes. and then went to the chess players, who were Southerners. The extra was read, and the play ers, never raising their eyes from the board, would speak and move in about this way:
"'Grant couldn't get into Vicksburg as that

despatch says he did. Here's Vicksburg'pointing to a king or castle, or some other titular dignitary—and here's Grant. He could no more take Vicksburg than I can take that castle with this bishop until I have an open sweep across the board.

"Probably at that the adversary would knock off a name with a knight which would cover

"Probably at that the adversary would knock off a pawn with a knight, which would cause the first player momentary surprise, but as the latter captured the knight immediately he remarked: 'And if Grant did undertake to do what that extra says he did he would make just such a mistake as Doc Brown made when he captured that pawn.' This pleased the men who had brought in the extra until the adversary knight out another nawn with his

be captured that pawn. This pleased the men who had brought in the extra until the adversary, knocking out another pawn with his bishop, announced 'check.' Then there was a pause, and Judge Jones twisted his goate until it looked as if it never would come out straight. But in a few minutes he had 'interposed,' or 'transposed,' or moved his king one square. Then he looked around for the box of sand on the floor, and said to the committee with the extra:

"Grant can't set Pemberton by any such tactics. Might as well say that Sheridan could catch Stonewall Jackson. You fellows on Fourth street don't understand war. War is a science. All right to have plenty of soldiers, but soldiers are not everything. Strategy is the winning piece. You know when somebody told Napeleon, when he was talking about invading another country, that he couldn't do it on account of the Alps, he says to his critic, he says: 'There ain't no Alps,' or 'the Alps be damned,' or something—did you move, Doc!

"Doc had moved. While Judge Jones was explaining the strategy of war Doc Brown had shoved in a bishen, which was supported by a knight, and again called 'check.

"Say, Doc,' Judge Jones would remark, 'dawgon if I didn't lose sight of that knight. I surmised you were going to attack with your bishop, and thought I could get my knight in the angle, but I see your knight is bearin' on that very square.

"The next move only delayed the inevitable."

"The next move only delayed the inevitable. The next move only delayed the inevitable. For when Doc Brown followed he announced mate and the committee with the extra went away, the Southerner confessing that if Pemberton didn't know anything more about war than Judge Jones know about chess the game was up. And the result of that game of chess was talked about in connection with the news from Vicksburg the remainder of the day. And in every game that followed the finish of the war was demonstrated by a player, to his own satisfaction at least.

was demonstrated by a player, to his own satisfaction at least.

"The checker board strategists in the office of the Justice of the Peace confined themselves to the movements of the militia at home and the home guard. The Justice was a jolly soul who weighted about 400 pounds the year 'round, and every time he got into the king row he would chuckle.

"Pawson, tha's no use talkin', yo' can't keep Joe Shelby out o' Missoury any mon yo' kin keep me from jumpin into that king row.

"But the parson would explain, after the game, to his admirers that the Squire moved some of his men both ways before they were crowned. And his admirers were fond of telling what the parson would have done if the Squire had played fair."

ECHO FROM A SCISSORS GRINDER. A Buet as a Ceaching Party Passed Along

Fifth Avenue.

A scissors grinder was going along Fifth avenue in the neighborhood of Thirty-second street the other day. He carried his wheel on his back, and, instead of a bell, he had an old. battered brass horn. He was a pretty hard looking character, about as battered as the horn.

As he came down the avenue, he caught sight of a coach and four bowling down the hill behind him, and he turned around to watch it. The horses came along at good pace, and, at Thirty-third street, the guard stood up and blew the familiar strain through his long shin-

hew the familiar strain through his long shining horn.

A queer, contemptuous expression came into
the eyes of the scissors grinder. Then he put
his battered, disreputable looking old horn to
his lips and blew an eche to the strain of the
guard. His note was as clear and ringing as
that of the silver trumpet, and his phrasing, if
that is what it should be called, was better.
The people on the coach gave a startled look
about them, but the coach was at the next
crossing before they knew it, and they could
scarcely make up their minds whether they had
heard a real horn or only an echo of their own
music. The pedestrians laughed admiringly
and lingered a little. But the scissors grinder
only smiled with that contemptuous expression
in his eyes, and lugged his wheel around into
Thirty-second street.

## A City Scarecrow.

A sight that pleased the children whizzing past in an open electric car was a scarecrow in a field, which was not out in the open country, nor even in the remoter confines of Greater New York, but right here on Manhattan Island. York, but right here on Manhattan Island, though it was, to be sure, pretty well up toward the upper end, where there are still some reaches of land uncovered by bricks and mortar, and spots still cultivated. It was in one of these cultivated spots that the scarecrow was seen, a headless figure formed of a suit of old clothes stuffed with straw and with the arms extended, the whole supported upon a pole, clear of the cartin, and hanging at p slight angis from the perpendicular. NOT JIM FRANKLIN'S WAY. AN EXCEPTION TO A TEXAS RULE ABOUT ELDERLY HUSBANDS.

to Wasn't Gind of It When His Wife Wen Back on Bim-Career Within and Without the Law of a Wonderful Markaman-His End So Far as Texas Was Concerned LAGARTO, Tex., May 21.-Pop Strayborn, the

monte dealer and champion short-card player of Live Oak county, says: "When a man'gets past 60 years old and his wife goes back on him, he is most generally glad of it. He thinks he is plenty young to get another. That wasn't the way with Jim Franklin." When he gets started, with Franklin for a

from him not long ago which was written in some one of the camps of Gen. Gomez. More than 60 years old as he is, Franklin is one of the rough riders of the Cuban leader, and if he is not killed, will, to quote Strayhorn again, "turn up with a whole cavvy-yard of horses, a hair rope, a Mexican blanket, and a sugar planta-Strayhorn puts the absent soldier of fortune just one notch lower in the scale of creation than Jeff Davis. Davis is at the top. James Franklin, to write the name as it is signed to many horse bills of sale in this couny, though he was known only as Jim, left a nemory hereabouts linked with two or three rirtues and many more crimes. Age did not wither him, and at the time he faded out of sight he was just as ready as ever for a fight or a frolic, for whiskey, love, or war. The fron tiers of the United States, North and South, breed types that are Homeric, and he was one of these, strong in everything that goes to make man the most dangerous of animals muscle, endurance, brain, courage, fortitude, energy, and immorality. He did not show well in the drawing room. There was not enough money in America to tempt him into a dress coat, but on the prairie, in long, danger-fraught rides, in the duels of the border, or in midnight forays he was at his best. These qualities ought to make him of value to Gomez, more particularly as he patters Spanish as rapidly as

he does English.

Franklin is a native of the lower Rio Grande ountry. His father came from Pennsylvania and may have belonged to the family of Benamin Franklin. If that is so, there is no tradition of it in the Rio Grande branch of the family. Jim Franklin cared no more for Benjamin, the philosopher-printer, than for Benjamin the brother of Joseph. Possibly he never heard of either. They would not have interested him, anyhow, because neither could ride, or shoot straight, or rope and throw a steer in the brush-and James was an artist in all of these pursuits. With the Winchester or Colt's .45 he was a marvel. Somewhere down in Mexico his father picked up a muzzle-loading doublebarrelled shotgun, which came originally from France, and had been the property of a gentleman sportsman. Its rosewood stock bore in letters of silver the inscription, "Legere et scribere pedagogi est, sed optime collineare est Dei"—dog Latin for "Reading and writing may be learned of the schoolmaster, but a crack shot is the work of God." It might have served as a motto for a coat of arms if Franklin had thought to have one, though his talent in boyhood ran to single-shot weapons. He gave up the shotgun early, holding that it was the weapon of a bungler, and the six-shooter and rifle became his daily companions. He came in time to do marvellous things with them-shooting with both eyes open and apparently more by instinct than anything else. Later he used them on his fellow men with painful results to the other parties concerned. During the first twenty years of his manhood he was occupied in dodging officers or shooting them. Then he became an officer himself, and had the law's

sanction for his pistol practice. In many respects he was the most remarkable desperado in a land of desperadoes. He was low of stature, measuring not more than five feet five in his high-heeled boots, and quiet of voice, with a red mustache and steel-gray His manners were gentle. When he had a home the virtue of hospitality was so strong in him that it was a vice. The fact that he was able, in spite of his many affrays, to he was able, in spite of his many airrays, to gather some property shows how easily wealth was acquired in this country in the early days. A great deal of this property was hoofed and running loose, and a man needed only a red-hot branding iron to make it his own. Franklia built him a house only when he had squared his account with the law by the hous-pocus familiar to frontier courts.

account with the law by lar to frontier courts. But he did not quit killing. It is the curse of the man slayer that he cannot stop. The habit of slaughter is more difficult to break than gambling. Old victims haunt the man who sent them to the shades, and their friends come to see him, armed and meaning retailed. sent them to the shades, and their friends come to see him, armed and meaning retaliation. It was so with him. Not a year passed but he was forced to defend himself at the pistol's muzzle. At last he gave up trying to keep out of trouble, and took a joy in making a corpse of a man who wanted to make a corpse of him. He was constantly in shooting practice. Among his every day feats with the revolver were clipping the crimson apples from the edges of cactus leaves forty yards away, wheeling rapidly upon one heel and putting six bullets into a playing card nailed against a tree at thirty paces, tossing a brick into the sir, breaking it, and then breaking both pieces before they touched the ground; writing his initials by boring holes through a tin plate at thirty yards; marking the outline of a man's head on a post, diving at it at full speed on horseback, and throwing six bullets into it as he passed. With the Winchester he would amuse himself for hours decapitating small snakes that swam far out on Soldier Lake, or brigging down the values of the way the set of the weak of the weak of the set of the same in the same for out on Soldier Lake, or brigging down the same and the same far out on Soldier Lake, or brigging down the same and the same and the same far out on Soldier Lake, or brigging down the same and the same far out on Soldier Lake, or brigging down the same and the same and the same far out on Soldier Lake, or brigging down the same and the

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dead. One fell with his face on the hurning wood and was charred beyond recognition. Other than powder marks on his right and left sides. Franklin showed no sign of the fray. He rode fifteen whee the next day to get a Justice of the Peace, who held an inquest, and buried the rustlers in the chaparral.

His first wife lived with him for thirty years. When asked once how many men be had killed or, rather, how many of his killings he had conded to her, she counted upon her fingers:

"Three in Carriso and two in Ysista, and one at Cochina, and one near Twohig, and two in New Laredo, and one in Old Laredo, and a man named Grimshaw in Hidalgo, and the two men who tried to kill him in the house one night, and two soldiers in Eagle Pass, and a cowboy on the cattle trail in Indian Territory, and a sheep man named Williams at Palafox, and—and—and God knows how many Mexikins in th' breah." The total is seventeen Americans. She did not count Latins. Exactly how many men Franklin has killed will never be known, but Strayhorn says proudly that it can't be less than thirty and may be fity.

This was the end of him, so far as Texas is concerned. The old wife, who had borne him three tall sons, died. A year afterward Franklin, then in his sixty-second year, married again—this time a widow named Hightower. She was not of the best character—a black-eyed, red-cheeked, buxom woman—but he had lived quietly at home for some years and had heard nothing against her. He was holding office in Zaprta county, and for a few months the couple lived happily. Then whispers against her reached him. It is not known to this day who had nerve enough to tell him, but he was rold probably by a woman. Such things can't be kept down in a little country town. He got the name of the man and asked him to dinner. He was never more low-voiced and gentle than at this meal. Afterward the three of them went for a stroll. They walked down the white road that led from the little country seemed al-wood how shots, so close together that they seemed al-wood how sh subject, he talks much, since he knew the man for years, loved him, and got a letter their yards in the dusk heard Franklin laugh as they passed along. Ten minutes afterward two shots, so close together that they seemed almost one, rang on the summer air. The folks found the wife and the man lying side by side, both shot through the head, but there was no trace of the husband. It was not a great way to the Gulf, and he found a boat to take him across. His best horse had been hidden near by. As Strayhorn says, "When a man gets past 60 years old and his wife goes back on him, he is most generally glad of it. He thinks he is plenty young to get another. But that wasn't the way with Jim Franklin."

STORY OF SPANISH CHARACTER. The Well of the French Gallauts-A Remini

conce of Catalenia "I am not a Spaniard and I have not a drop of Spanish blood in me." said a New Yorker by doption whose first name happens to be Pedro. "My name was given me out of respect to ar old friend of the family. I was born in Spain, however, and passed my boyhood there, in the south, where my father was engaged in the sherry business. That ought to show you how old I am, for it is a long time since there was any sherry business worth speaking of in the Xeres district.

"Yes, of course you want me to tell you what I think of the Spaniards. Everybody does. My impressions of Spanish character should be taken, if you insist upon having them, with a liberal allowance for the crudities of youth. I was a mere child when I left Spain, and that was in the same year that Queen Isabella left—thirty years ago-and I have never been back there. You know, childish impressions are concrete. Children are not given to analysis or abstraction. Well, that applies very well in this case My lasting impressions of the Spanish character are all embodied in the impression made upon me by one old woman and her story.

"One summer we went to stay in a house just outside a village in the northeast. That village somehow is also permanently mixed in with my mpressions of Spain, although I lived there only two or three months, out of all my twelve years in Spain, and lived in a very different place for the rest of that time. It was all the difference between Andalusia and Catalonia. Our home n Andalusia was a perfect garden; this place I am speaking of, though it was pleasant enough or a summer change of air, was in a bare hill country, where the olive trees were few, the ines were small, and there were no orange trees at all. The country seemed to me all

trees at all. The country seemed to me all sheep and rocks.

"But there was a great square castle on a hill, not more than a mile from our house, that was more delightful to me than acres of orange trees, for it was grim, and the parapet on top was cut in square notches like the castles in a set of chessmen, and a long atons wall went rigragging all the way up the bill. I used to believe then that Don Rodrigo de Bivar himself built that tower, and I still believe that it was built by the Goths of about his time.

"That castle held the first place in my imagnation for some weeks, and then I found the well, which brings me to my story. The village was on one side of the hill and our house on the other, and that well was between the two, but rather nearer to the village. I found out that nobody ever used the well, and as soon as I found that out I began to question Ruy, our atableman, about it. I believe Ruy used to get a good deal of sombre Catalan fun out of me, the work prodigious stories about the Castle of the Goths' but when I asked blue about the Castle of the Goths' but when I asked blue about the castle of the Goths' but when I asked blue about the Castle of the Goths' but when I asked blue about the castle of the Goths' but when I asked blue about the castle of the Goths' but when I asked blue about the castle of the Goths' but when I asked blue about the castle of the Goths' but when I asked blue about the castle of the Goths' but when I asked blue about the castle of the Goths' but when I asked blue about the castle of the Goths' but when I asked blue about the castle of the Goths' but when I asked blue about the castle of the Goths' but when I asked blue about the castle of the Goths' but when I asked blue about the castle of the Goths' but when I asked blue about the castle of the Goths' but when I asked blue about the castle of the Goths' but when I asked blue about the castle of the Goths' but when I asked blue about the castle of the Goths' but the Castle of the Goths' but the Castle of the Goths'

the very seldom smiled, even when he told me the most predigious stories about 'the caste of the Goths,' but when I asked him about the Goths,' but when I asked him about the will come if I do not attend a luncheon, when he will be most predigious stories and pretended that he knew nothing. At last he said I must go and ask 'la Schora Consuelo.'

"Some of the people called her 'Doña Consuelo,' which was strange for an old woman of the peasant class, as she was. Only one youngs ter of about my own age did I ever know to have the temerity to speak of her as plain 'la vieja Consuelo.' She was poor, and lived in two rooms that were below the level of the main street—the only street—of the village, but every one knew her and spoke of her with great respect. On the day when Ruy took me to see her he warned me not to offer her money. I might go back there a second time, he said, and offer her' a cheese, which I did. And Ruy spoke to her in a very friendly way, but much more deferentially. I thought, than even a Spanish peasant would speak to most old women of his own class. All this struck ms with awe to begin with.

"As for her, she received us very graciously and became still more gracious, I thought, when surprised to do it hat I had never been in England. Perhaps it was partly in consideration of my being English that she condescended to toll her story, not to me, but to ftuy in my hearing.

"There were not twenty of them, Ruy." She said, 'there were only sixteen. My sister, Jesus, she had nine; I only seven. Jesus was older than I and much wiser. Her soulls with the saints now these many years. I twas she who made the plan, the very first week the French came. Then she told me of it, and I promised to do my share, if Our Lady would grant me the grace.

"The French soldiers were very gallant, I think that all of them loved Jesus as soon as committed in the control of the minute of the minut

HER DISASTER IN A STAGE. MISS INFALLIBILITY MEETS A NICE OLD GENTLEMAN.

Was a Transaction Between Them in Which a Five-Dellar Gold Piece Acted Peculiarly and the Paith in Human Nature of Two Persons Becetved a Severe Wrench. If she wasn't such a nice girl she might propsrly be numbered among those irritating people who never make a mistake. But she is neve mean about her infallible accuracy; and so it is not true of her, as it is of so many of those who have the disagreeable habit of always saying and doing the right thing, that her so-called friends are ambushed about her wherever she goes, hungrily waiting for a chance to point the finger of scorn and decision. So she isn't hearing as much about this thing as she might. She mays herself that she never in all her life and into a more embarrassing mess. This is what happened:

She was going to a luncheon out in Jersey, where there were to be a party of girls who had not been together for a long, long time, and could not be gathered again for a time even longer. She had to straighten out the rest of the family before she started, so it was no fault of hers that she was a little late. She dressed with rapidity and charming effect, and ran up to the corner and hopped into a Fifth avenue stage. She had glanced into her pocketbook before she left the house and made sure that she had money enough-a \$5 gold piece and less than a half dollar in change She rustled up to the fare box and dropped a coln in it, and then composed herself to trying to see by the reflection in the window opposite whether her hat was on straight. Though she wouldn't tell this part of t, she undoubtedly took in, also, the fact that the benevolent-looking old gentleman and the two milliner's messengers, who were the only other passengers, thought she was a pleasing outward and visible sign of spring.

They must have been greatly surprised at her next action. She jumped up and began to hammer the driver's window with her gloved fist, The driver flipped it open. " Whut is ut ?" he bellowed.

"I put a five-dollar gold piece in the box," she aid severely, "and I want it back, please." 'I can't help that, ma'am," said the driver, obbing up now and then to make sure that he was not running down everybody on the avenue.

You must help it !" said the young woman. "How in the werruld can I help ut! I can't open the box, and if I could ut would be worth ne lob to do ut." 'But you haven't any right to keep my five

dollars." The stern demands of justice were less evident in this statement than was the plaint of the baffled and deluded woma "Ut lan't me thot's keepin' ut; ut's the company," said the man, between bobs. "You can ride up to the end of the line and a clerk there will take out the money and give ut to you, and

you can pay your fare." "But I don't want to ride up to the end of the ine!" she waited. "I have got an engagement to go out of town; I cannot break it. I must catch my train, and I cannot catch the train if I am delayed for five minutes on my way from here to the ferry. And besides, I haven't money enough to pay my fare without that five dollars.

"Sorry, ma'am, but it ain't no fault of mine," said the man stolidly. Miss Infallibility sank back in her corner and her eyes glistened. The old gentleman opposite ooked very sympathetic, and she simply couldn't help saving:

'Isn't it dreadful I' "It's not so bad that it can't be mended," said the old gentleman pleasantly.

The young woman straightened up and tried to become dignified instinctively. But he was such a kind, grandfatherly looking, courteous old individual that she was quite sure that he meant well, and, moreover, that there was no harm in him. She made up her mind after a noment or two that he wasn't going to be horrid enough to offer to lend her \$5, and that perhaps, after all, he might have an idea that was worth something, and she softened down again and made herself approachable. The old entleman had apparently been waiting for her to come to that very state of mind.

"I am very sure," he said, "that it can be he'ped.' "I'd be ever so much obliged to you if you will

tell me how," she said, meekly. "Well," he said, beaming in a more and more grandfatherly way every moment. "I am not a charming young woman to whom immeasurable horrors will come if I do not attend a luncheon,

The whole performance struck her as just a little quessionable as she went her way to the station. She didn't quite feel that she had distinguished herself, somehow. This new-born lack of confidence in herself made her wonder if the old gentleman was really as unce as he assenced. It was with a shamefaced feeling of relief that she saw the ticket agent accept the five-dollar bill as genuine legal tender. She was glad, at any rate, she said to herself, that such a nice old man was not a counterfeiter. Her faith in human nature would hardly have at the luncheon, and her adventure with the old gentleman was received with gratifying attention and excitement. Hut again, when she was on the way home, she had missivings away have been brotheral active to laugh at it, but who was not be way home, she had missivings away have been brotheral active to laugh at it, but who was not be wropenly of the whole occurrence. It was not to such a counterfeiter when the order to distract her attention she stopped the newboy, with intent to buy a magazine. That magazine was never bought. The first thing she saw when she opened her nocketbook was the countenance of a five-dollar gold viece mixed up with a lot of silver-donlar gold viece mixed up with a lot of silver-change. She turned sround on the boy as if he had said something importinent.

"Go away:" She said. "Go away. Isay!"

And then she folded her arms and dropped her nocketbook was the countenance of a five-dollar gold viece mixed up with a lot of silver-change. She used. "Go away. Isay!"

And then she folded her arms and dropped her chin on her breast and thought so hard that the her had said something importinent.

"Go away:" the said. "Go away. Isay!"

And then she folded her arms and dropped her chin on her breast and thought so hard that the when the train stopped at Hoboken.

The whole matter had become so serious now that it was out of the question to think of the brakeman had to fouch her to think of the brakeman had to fouch her to think of the brakeman had to fouch

a simple game. He was old enough to know better, he said. But he said he supposed he was just the sort of old fool—excuse me, miss, but I guess I won't tell you all he said.

The young woman has not found him yet. That is how this chronicle comes to be printed. If the henevolent one recognizes himself in this story, he may learn where to go to got his \$5 by identifying himself and sending his address to THE SUN office. By doing this he will relieve a grievous lead on the conscience of a young woman who will never, never again say "I told you so" to anybody.

THE INVASION OF CURA.

Mariel and Rabin Honda Superior as Landing

Matanzas, according to a gentleman well acquainted with the topography of Cuba, is not a good place for the American Army to take as a hase of supplies for military operations against Havana. In the first place, Matanzas city is a focus of yellow fever, worse even than Havana itself. Next, the roads between Matanzas and Havana are in a very bad condition, and heavy artillery could not be safely moved over them especially during the rainy season. Though a railroad exists between Matanzas and Havana It could not be used easily for the transportation of the invading army. The line is con-trolled by the Spaniards, and they have at present strong military stations at Aguacate and Jaruco, in Havana province. Their first step would be to destroy the track should an attempt be made by the Americans to reach Havana by

But Matanzas would serve as a good base of operations for the Cuban Army. The Cubans can march on horseback from Matanzas to Havana, because they will not have to carry the heavy impediments of supply wagons, artillery, and hospital service necessary to a regular army of invasion. Late in 1895 Gomez and Macco crossed from Matanzas to Havana in this fashion after routing Martinez Campos at the battle of Colisso. Now Calixto Garcia and Gomez, if well armed, could do the same, first taking Matanzas with the help of the American Navy. The best landing places in Cuba for the Amer-

Ican Army, if an attack on Havana is intended, are Bahia Honda and Mariel, on the western half of the island, on the northern coast of Pinar del Rio province. Bahia Honda, which mears "deep bay," has capacity enough, and the necessary depth for anchorage to accommodate the American warships and the big American transports. Besides, the danger of yellow fever is less there because of the absence of the filth that characterizes large Spanish towns in Cuba. Another consideration is that the roads from Mariel or Bahia Honda to Guanajay are excellent, and that from Guanajay to Havana, the highway, is one of the best in its class ever known to Cuba. Mariel is even better than Bahia Honda because it is nearer Guanajay and outside of the long chain of mountains called Sierra de los Organos. There can be no doubt that the Spaniards, knowing the advantages of Mariel and Bahia Honda as landing places for the American Army, have mined both ports and built fortifica tions along the highway between Guanajay and Havana. It is known that the Spaniards have 12,000 men intrenched at the Havana end of that road, and that they keep a large force also at Guanajay City. But in spite of that a landing at Mariel would be better than at Matanzas, where, besides the resistance of the Spaniards the American troops would encounter many natural obstacles.

Between Mariel and Bahia Honda the port of Cabañas affords also good facilities for a land-ing; but at Cabañas the depth of water is not much greater than at Mariel and it is further west from Havana. Mariel has been a quarantine station of the Spanish and their big transatlantic steamers have anchored there.

When the American Army invades Cuba the Cuban Army of the East, which is the most useful part of the revolutionary forces in the island, will be at the west attacking the Spaniards. Havana, if the blockade is kept up until then, will be starving, and but little resistance could be offered by Gen. Blanco, According to the latest plan at least 50,000 American troops are to disembark in Cuba.

SYRACUSE WOMEN AND WHIST. Effects of a Present Crase Felt by Merchants and in Church Work.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., May 28.-It is estimated that here are in this city 500 whist clubs composed of women. This does not include family or neighborhood clubs. The total membership is a little more than 8,000. Most of the clubs meet once a week, and a game consumes from two to three hours, or on an average of two and a half hours. The season lasts from September to June, thirty-four weeks. Syracuse women, like eighty years, to whist playing each sesson. But the amount of time given to club whist is not the only surprising feature of the game. Every club gives at each regular game certain prizes or favors. Of those there are never fewer than two-first and second. A pot is made up at each game, each woman putting in from 25 cents to \$1, as may be agreed. The pot is applied to purchasing the favors for the next game. Still another way of providing favors is for the hostess at whose house the game takes place to furnish and pay for them herseif. Many clubs offer in addition a season favor that is awarded to the player who has the best record at the end of the

the best record at the end of the season. This prize is usually quite valuable and is purchased with the avails of delinquency fines. At the regular games each woman is thed a cent for every minute that she is late, ity reason of the proverbial backwardness of women in reaching any given place at a given time, this amounts to a considerable sum when the season is over. Taking 50 cents as the average cost of the game to the individual player, the total amount for the season would be \$136,000.

The value of the whist trade is well understood by merchants. Many stores have added a department of whist supplies, the most important of which are the favors; and so strong is the competition for the whist trade that special inducements are offered in the way of discounts by nearly all dealers. The favors include silverware, cut glass, fancy chins, pictures, light tables, books, laces, lamps, vascs, draperies and bric-à-brac. The amount spent on whist each season is nearly half the annual budget of Syracuse for maintaining schools, fire department, police, water, lights, streets and sewers, and is more than the annual cost of all the charities of the city.

The absorption of such a large part of the

police, water, lights, streets and sewers, and is more than the annual cost of all the charities of the city.

The absorption of such a large part of the feminine population in whist has led to some curious results. It is estimated that the number of afternoon receptions and high teas has decreased one-half since the advent of the whist craze. Whist has had its effect on theatres and other amusement enterprises. This has been particularly noticeable as relates to public lectures. Even the women's clubs have felt this influence in lack of interest and attention to their work on the part of members. The influence of whist has reached into some of the churches, and is seen and feit in the difficulty of keeping up such church work as is almost entirely carried on by women. There is one church in which the church work has nearly collapsed on account of the distraction of its women by playing whist. For this reason the Haptist and Methodist denominations particularly are arrayed sagainst whist.

But whatever duties the devotees of whist have overlooked, charity has not been forgotien. Charity whist was introduced last scaaon. It consists of a system of games open to all players. Each woman pays an entrance fee of 50 cents. The proceeds are given to charity. This form of benefit is exceedingly popular. The attendance is generally about one hundred, which means an easy way of making 500 for your favoritecharity with almost no preparation. There are several whist clubs organized on novel plans. (Ince is the Kainy Day Whist Club.

There are several whist clubs organized on ovel plans. One is the Rainy Day Whist Club. This meets only on rainy days, but its members must blay, no matter how frequent these days may be. It has been the busicst of all the whist dubs for the last two months. It is beginning to get tired of its existence.

A Lincoln Story from Honolulu. From the Pacific Commercial Advertises.

Prom the Pacific Commercial Advertises

During the American civil war it became necessary to appoint a Federal Judge in the Arkansas district. President Lincoin considered candidates. One of them was Henry Clay Caldwell, Few resulting for a time in Honolulu, When Representative Wilson of Iowa snoke to Mr. Lincoin on the matter Mr. Lincoin replied that Mr. Caldwell was perfectly satisfactory, but that he would appoint no man for the office who "parted his name in the middle." He produced hewspapers from Iowa and letters which referred to "H. Clay Caldwell." This foppishness the President considered a disqualification for office. Representative Wilson replied: 'He does not sign his name that way, lie is not responsible for the way the papers write his name. Look at this." The Representative took from his pocket a letter signed H. C. Caldwell. Mr. Lincoin looked at it, was astisfied that Mr. Caldwell did not "part his name in the middle," and at once signed his commission as Judge. Mr. Lincoin's little prejudice might have prevented the country from securing a most excellent lights.

## **EVER KNOWN**

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Are You Acquainted with a Single Person Who Has Been Gured of Catarrh by Any of the Old Treatments?

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No doubt you have often read in the dally press of many people being cured, but do you actually know of one single person who has re-covered from Consumption or been cured of Catarrh through stomach medicines or fiquid sprays, douches, or vapors! Think hard and long; you will be greatly astonished at the re-sults, as it is not at all likely that you will be able to find even one, although these methods have been used for years, and most of your acquaintances have tried them again and again, You must not be satisfied with this, however, but look further and see how many, many there are who have lost their hearing and sense of taste and smell through these harsh remedies All this may surprise you, but the reason that

All diseases of the air passages are purely local, and as nature itself will not permit moisture of any kind to enter the bronchial tubes or lungs, such remedies cannot reach the disease. That they cause deafness and loss of taste and smell is natural. Any foreign substance forced into the delicate air passages must be harmful, as they were made to receive air and air only. Understanding this you must look for some other means of cure. There is but one way of eaching these diseases, and that through the

air we breathe. There has been but one remedy ever found that will kill the bacilli of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Coughs, and Consumption, and which can be carried to the diseased parts in the air; this is the new Australian germicide, HYOMEL, With it there is no danger, no risk. It is nature's own remedy, and not one manufactured by man. HYOMEI cures by inhalation, and your money is refunded if it fails.

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FAMOUS CHASE AROUND CUBA. How the Alabama Kept Our Officers and Ships

The chase around the island of Cuba, between the fleets of Sampson and Schley and the squadron of Admiral Cervera, reminds old navy men of the chase after the Alabama in 1863, when that clusive ship had struck Galveston and destroyed the Hatterns. There were no boards of strategy then, but there was lots of fun among the Admirals and Commodores, Commodore II. H. Bell, who was commanding off Galveston, saw the Hatterras sink about four miles away. He at once sent a despatch boat to Farragut. Then he sent the Brooklyn on a chase after Semmes, but as Semmes had about nine knots speed to the Brooklyn's seven, that chase fell behind. Farragut was so angry when the news came that he could not see. He sent a vessel after the Alabama, but the latter's heels were too lively. Then the Admirals of three other squadrons ook a hand. Dahlgren, from Port Royal, sent

Then the Admirals of three other squadrons took a hand. Dahlgren, from Port Royal, sent the Keystone State around the west end of Cuba, and Capt. Wilkes of the West India squadron planted himself squarely in the Windward Passage. The Navy Department got out its special corps of Alabama chasers, the Vanuerbilt for instance, and ordered her with all speed to Porto Rico. The Keystone State skirted the southern coast of Cuba and reported that the Alabama had put in at Clenfueges four days before and that the Keystone State would take after her immediately.

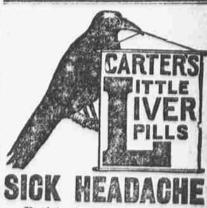
The Navy Department promptly ordered the Southern coast. Capt. Wilkes, not knowing that, went after the keystone State and passed around the western point. But he did not see the Keystone State and passed around the western point. But he did not see the Keystone State and Passed around the western point. But he did not see the Keystone State and passed around the western point. But he did not see the Keystone State of the Keystone State and passed around the western point. But he did not see the Keystone State of the Keystone State and passed around the western point. But he did not see the Keystone State of the Keystone State while he proceeded on to Mayal Point. Then Somebody told him that the Alabama was at Porto Rico, and off rushed the San Jacinta with frantic but lumbering speed.

The Vanderbilt found the Keystone State at Cienfuegos, and from there the two decided to journey together. They stopped at Key West for coal, just as they do now, then made for Jamaica, and finally reached Porto Rico, where they found Capt. Wilkes furious. He had learned a day or two before that the Alabama had put in at Martinique, discharged her prisoners from the Hatteras, under Capt. Blake, and after filling up with coal, had peacefully salied away for the Azores and thence for the Cape of Good Hope.

Much may be said of Cervera's cunning and resourcefulness in cluding his enemy, but after all, Semmes in his day was the Fox of the Deep. He relates in his book that after that

The Legal Definition of Indian.

Hor Springs, S. D., May 21.—The question has often arisen in the counties adjoining unorganized counties of the reservation what constitutes an Indian; whether a person having either father or mother of white descent and the other parent an Indian should be called and given the privilege of an Indian. The question arose recently in this county, when the assessor called for a list of the half-breeds on the reservation near Fail River county for the purpose of assessing them. The case was argued before the Interior Department. This week a decision was made in the case, which is to the effect that persons that have a direct lineage from Indian blood on either side, and who take up their abode on the reservation, are classed as Indians, and in the case of Fail River county, the permission to assess them was denied by the department. From the Minneapolis Tribune.



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